I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare;
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.
King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford,
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit in a loyall breſt.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.
King. Coſin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.
Bul. Oh heaven defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſinne;
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlaviſh motive of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in this high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives ſhall anſwer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be ready to direct theſe home, Alarmes.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Gloſters* blood,
Doth more ſolicite me than your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre
Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeven ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Where are ſeven vialles of his ſacred blood.
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dryed by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloſter*,
One Viall full of *Edwards* ſacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wom
That mettall, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ſt and brea
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doeſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dy,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is deſpaire,
In ſuffering thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd